Major Henderson was the most ob stinate man imaginable. For a whole hour Lieutenant Mapleson tried to con-vince him that it was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour Major Henderson's

ecision remained unchanged.
"Save a thousand pounds as a proof of your attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to your marriage with her. Under no other circum-stances will I do so." This was the exstances will I do so." This was the ex-tent to which the Major would commit

Save a thousand pounds indeed Why, a million would be equally possi-ble to a man of refined tastes with but a paltry two hundred a year or so be sides his pay.

Maude waylaid her lover outside the hibrary door. Very pretty she looked as she listened to dear Jack's angry protestations, her cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes filling with tears.

"You will be true to me, my darpleaded the impecunious Lieutenant, as his arm stole around her waist and his tawny moustache pressed

her rosy lips.

True to him? Indeed and indeed she would be.
"You know, dearest, you will be twenty-one in a fortnight's time, and twenty-one will be sweet one will your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor, loving Jack then;

won't she? Yes "-rather dubiously. It was hard to put aside the prospect of being followed to the altar by a bevy of daintily-arrayed bridesmaids, although she

was so deeply in love. True, she would soon be of age, and consequently her own mistress, but what would that fact avail her if she were miles away from her lover? And such indeed seemed likely to be the case, for her uncle carried her off to a small village in North Wales the day after Lieutenant Mapleson had been told of his fate. Of course she left a note behind for "dearest Jack," telling bim the name of the village to which they were going, and earnestly begging "something," although she could think of nothing practical to sug-

On the morning of her twenty-first birthday Mande came down to break-fast looking fresh, and even a little hap-py. She had honestly tried to be mispy. She had honestly tried to be mis-erable for a whole fortnight, and had succeeded for two days. With youth and health on one's side it is almost impossible to be thoroughly out of spirits r any length of time, however much one may be experiencing the truth of

e landlady's bright-looking daugh ter brought in the coffee and Evans, opposite, has let her front rooms, miss," she volunteered.
"A gentleman all by himself came and took them last night.

A gentleman, and alone! Maude's emis rose. "Did you happen to hear Mrs. Evans say what her new lodger is like? I suppose, added naughty, de ceitful Mande, he is an elderly gen-

Yes, Miss, oute. He's a bit lame, walks with a stock, and has a long gray beard. His name's Mr. Browne:" Mande's spirits fell again. At break-fast, however, she mentioned the new

arrival to ber uncle Major Henderson was beginning to find North Wales a little dull, so he listened rather readily, thinking that there might perhaps be a prospect of inving some one with whom to smoke

a friendly pipe. In the course of the morning, when the uncle and niece were sitting in one of the many beautiful glens in which the neighborhood abounds. Mande saw a bent figure approaching, walking with

Frowne, Mrs. Evans's new lodger," she | much comforted.

Her uncle looked up from his book.

Out of health, I shouldsay," was Major Henderson's comment. "He doesn't look old enough to be so infirm."

When the stranger came up to them he paused and inquired the way to the Swallow Falls. Mande started. That voice! Her

uncle, however, merely made a courte-ous reply. Evidently his suspicions were not aroused.

"Excuse me," continued the stran-ger, "but have I not the pleasure of addressing one who is a neighbor the time being? I fancied I saw you come out of Honeysuckle Cottage this morning with your daughter."

Yes, sir, you are right-at least my niece and I are staying opposite to

you." Your niece?" and the stranger pe litely raised his hat as he glanced at Mande. "May I inquire if you have been ranking a long stay in the neighberhood? It is the first time I have visited North Wales, and I should be glad to know of the principal spots of nterest in the immediate vicinity. My health is so shattered that I cannot undertake long excursions." This is the commencement of our

third week," replied the Major. yourself, we have chosen rather to enjoy the scenery within walking-distances in preference to travelling about by rail or coach. My niece has been a little upset lately, so we came here to recruit her health.

Mande flushed up indignantly. To speak of the cruel blow which had been dealt her as if it were a mere nothing "The young lady is looking so fresh and charming that I think she must

already be on the high road to re-covery." This with a stiffold-fashioned bow to Maude. "I was about to say I trusted I might derive as much benefit from the change, only I fear that is too much to expect. Age cannot hope to compete with youth."
"With your permission," suggested

Major Henderson, "my niece and I will accompany you to the Falls. They are within a quarter of an hour's walk from here; and I can then give you a few hints about the neighborhood as we go

along."
Mr. Erowne would only be too

Maude walked on by her uncle's side experiencing a mixture of joy and alarm. She was so delighted to hear that dear voice again; so fearful lest her lover's strategem should be discovered!

Mr. Browne noticed her agitation, and was careful to divert Major Henderson's attention from his nicee in case her confusion should betray the secret. The true had to cross a stream by means of stepping stones. The stranger offered to assist Maude. Man-aging to keep his back to Major Henderson, Mr. Browne, alias Lieutenant Mapleson, tenderly pressed Maude's yielding hand, and, with a world of ex-Pression in his blue eyes, whispered, Be careful, my darling, and all will

yet be well with us." The next morning.Mr. Browne called on Major Henderson. "I have just re-ceived these, and I thought you would perhaps like to look at them," he said,

producing a packet of periodicals.

Major Henderson was glad to avail himself of the offer, as current literature was rather difficult to procure in so

out-of-the-way a place.

After a little further conversation, Mr. Browns was asked if he would care to join the uncle and niece in their morning ramble. Again he would be only

When the trio had gone some dis which the thich had gone scale the tance, Major Henderson, wishing to enjoy a quiet half-hour read, suggested that he should sit down and rest a little, while Maude conducted Mr. Browne

to a spot close by whence a good view of Snowden could be obtained. "I would fain, like you, rest a while," replied Mr. Browne; "but as

the day is so unusually clear I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide." And so Mr. Browne hobbled off, with Maude walking patiently beside him.

As soon as the trees had hidden the

As soon as the trees had hidden the lovers from view Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard.

"Oh, Jack, whatever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?"

"This, my sweetest;" and the bold lover drew from his pocket a marriage-license and a wedding-ring. Half playfully the gallant Licutenant removed Mande's glove and slipped on the ring, "What a dear little hand it looks!" he cried rapturously, "and how happy I shall be when I can call its dear owner my sweet little wife." my sweet little wife."

A slight sound fell on their ears, and

looking up they beheld Major Hender-son not a hundred yards off. Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr. Browne's embrace and hastily handed him back the ring.

Mr. Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had grave misgivings, as he hobbled toward Major Henderson. "Were you hastening to join us? You see we haven't got far. I am a wretchied walker at the best of times, and in such scenery as this one feels forced to pause frequently to look

"I expected to meet you coming back," explained the Major; was looking for you in that direction,' indicating another path more to the "I was quite surprised when I right.

saw you coming toward me."

With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the Major's innocent remarks!

At their early dinner the Major dre from his pocket a letter which he had received by the morning's post and had forgotten to read. With a polite "Excuse me, my dear," to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents, "I must leave for London by the 11 o'clock train to-morrow morning," he exclaimed. • "This letter is of the utmost importance. How stupid of me to have delayed reading it!"

"Am I to accompany you, uncle?" asked Maude faintly. "No, no, my dear; there's no need

or you to do that. I shall be back-here by the evening of the following day."

The Major was very preoccupied until dinner was over, but as Maude had also much food for reflection silence was agreeable to both.

I wonder if I could do anything for Mr. Erowne while I am in town?" queried the Major. "My dear," turning to Maude, "just write a little note to him asking him to step over for a ninute. You know we half promised o show him the way to Fairy Glen this afternoon. I don't feel inclined for any more walking myself; but there is no eason why you shouldn't accompany im, if you are not tired and he greeable to the arrangement."

Mande's note quickly brought Mr.

Browne, and the lovers were soon on their way to Fairy Glen.

"My darling, we are in luck's way!" exclaimed Jack. "Your uncle's abence will make matters as simple as an A B C guide. I shall have to-morrov to make the necessary arrangements. We can be married the following morning, and by the time your uncle returns in the evening we shall be miles away Maude acquiesced rather reluctantly.

She loved Jack dearly; but still she had some compunction about deceiving her uncle, who, with the exception of the unaccountable obstinacy he had hown toward her lover, had always been ready to humor her. Jack, how ever drew such a glowing picture o happiness in store for th clared with so much confidence Majo Henderson's anger would not last more than three weeks when once the irrevo-I think, uncle, that must be Mr. cable step was taken that Maude was

> son pressed Mr. Browne to spend the evening at Honeysuckle Cottage. Tea being over the Major asked Maude if she would mind packing his portmanteau for him.
> "I have laid out the things I wish to

take, my dear. You will fit them in more neatly than I could." Mande was delighted to have an op portunity of doing a last, a little kindly

Directly she had left the room the Major began fidgeting about, and at length got up and paced the room. Suddenly turning to Mr. Browne, he aid: "Comparative stranger as you are to me, I feel as if I must tell you the nature of the business which is calling ne to London so unexpectedly. The blow has fallen so suddenly that to speak of it would be an immense relief. The stranger was all sympathetic at-

cution in a moment.
"Mr. Browne," continued the Major xeitedly, "this time yesterday I beeved that poor girl up stairs to be the nistress of a fairly large fortune. To-lay—if the information I received this aorning is correct—I know her to be enniless. And that is not all; the reater part, if not the whole, of my ncome is lost also."
So sympathetic was Mr. Browne that

e begged to know all the details. hese, however, the Major was unable o furnish-in fact he could explain nothing satisfactorily, so great was the state of excitement into which he had worked himself.
"Hush!" he said, as he heard Maude

approaching. "Not a word to her. I wouldn't disturb her peace of mind for worlds, poor girl, until I am certain how the matter stands."

The next day, about an hour after her uncle had left for London, Maude received the following pencilled note rom Mr. Browne:

My Own Darling,-I am the most unnicky dog that ever lived. I passed a wretched night, and this morning I am too ill to leave my bed. To be disabled to-day, when I was to have arranged or the event which is to make me the appiest man in England. I have sent for the village "bones," and if he can patch me up it may not yet be too late. Send a book back by bearer to account for having received a letter from your Poor Maude! The torturing suspense

of that day! In the evening she ven-tured to ask the landlady to inquire ow Mr. Browne was. "No better, was the alarming reply.

Maude passed a sleepless night. In

the morning she received a second note from her dear Jack, even more despairing in its tone than the former one.
"Fate is against us," he wrote; "I feel as if I shall never be able to call you In the middle of the day she again ent to inquire after her lover, and was

verjoyed when she heard he was much better, and was even thinking of geting up, his recovery bidding fair to be as sudden as his seizure.

That evening Major Henderson re-urned. Hardly had he knocked at

the door, when Mr. Browne emerged from the opposite cottage.
"What news, sir?" asked the sym-

pathetic Mr. Browne.
"The worst possible," replied the
Major, throwing himself into an easy
chair and covering his face with his hands. "That poor girl yonder is a beggar, and I have but a hundred a ear left."
Mande looked from one to the other

n utter bewilderment, and then crossed

over to her uncle, trying to comfort him and gain some explanation at the same to witness," said Mr. Browne. "Sir, you have my deepest sympathy, and I am sure that at the present moment I can show it in no better way than by withdrawing." "I feel this is no scene for a stranger

"Mande followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully real-ize her own loss of fortune. "Are you really better, dear Jack?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, thank you. Quite cured. Goodbye," and he was gone. That her lover's leave-taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn portance to the first circumstance When she returned to her uncle he

cemed wonderfully better, and at sup-

per he talked quite cheerfully of their Mande passed another sleepless night She did not so much mind the terrib! loss she had sustained on her own ac count; but she was bitterly disappointed that she could not do all she had promised for her dear Jack. She deter-mined, however, to be the most loving and economical wife possible. At all events her uncle would not be able to accuse Jack of being mercenary now, and there was much comfort in that reflection. Perhaps after all they would be able to have a proper wedding, only of course it would have to be a very quief one. How much nicer that would be than running away and deceiving her uncle, who had always been so kind

When she came down to breakfast the next morning she was looking pale and a little worn after her two sleepless nights. The Major, however, seemed to have succeeded in throwing off his grief in quite a wonderful manner, and was in almost his usual spirits.

'Have you heard how Mr. Browne is this morning?" Maude ventured to ask the landlady's daughter.

"Why, Miss, he paid up for the week and went off by the mail train last night, declaring he was sure the place didn't suit him.

Poor Maude! The blow did indeed fall on her with crushing force.
"Dear me, rather sudden! We shall miss the old gentleman—eh, Miss Maude?" said the Major, as soon as the uncle and niece were left together. He laid a slight stress on the adjective, and there was a suspicion of fun in his eyes. It was, however, no laughing matter to Maude; she, poor girl, unable longer to act her part, burst into an uncontrollable fit of

uncontrollable fit of weeping.
'Poor child, poor child!" sa Major, compassionately; "it's a sharp on for you to learn. But it is better to bear a little pain now than to suffer for the remainder of your life, as would most probably have been your fate if I had not paid that scoundrel out in his

The threatened loss of fortune was a fabrication, Major Henderson having gone no nearer to London than the top room in Honeysuckle Cottage. truth was, the Major had di covered what was going on when he had come upon the lovers so unex-He then devised the scheme which he afterward carried out so suc essfully, in order to test the sincerity of Lieutenant Mapleson's attachment Maude. Major Henderson had,

course, been obliged to landlady into his confidence and she, fully entering into pirit of the thing, had suggested the Major's occupying the top room in her cottage, whence he could watch Mr. Browne's movements. And so Major Henderson had merely walked to the station, portmanteau in band, and, re-turning, had entered Honeysuckle Cottage by the back way.

Mande's grief and humiliation were so real when she heard these details that her uncle, thinking she would not care to remain where her story was known, wisely suggested returning home the following day.

"We can give a garden-party or something of that kind in honor of your wenty-first birthday. It will be a few lavs after the event but that won't matter. I would give a good deal to see that young fortune-hunter's face when he finds out how he has been luped. There's no fear of his tittle tattling about it, though, for his own sake, so the story won't get all over the I suppose, my dear," added Major Henderson, rather anxiously, "you'll never let him again find the vay to your kind little heart with his honeyed words?"

Maude drew herself up to her full

height. "No, indeed, uncle, that I never will. To use his own words, I am mile cured.' Before the year was out another uitor asked for Maude's hand, and on

not have any cause to complain of Ma-An Interview With Carlyle.

this occasion the anxious pleader did

One day in September, 1870, two Edinburgh gentlemen travelled together in the train to Longniddry. One of them had recently returned from a con tinental tour, and, in passing through Hanover, had seen the King of Prussia (now Emperor of Germany) and Bis marck en route to the battle-fields

While recounting some of his ex-periences to his friend he noticed in one of the corners of the compartment an old man, rather negligently apparelled, and with his face so muffled up in a huge "comforter" that he saw little more than his eyes, who he felt ure was Thomas Carlyle. His friend, who, like himself, had only once seen the "Chelsea sage" (when he delivered his inaugural address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1863), was atisfied that he was correct in his con-pecture, and urged him to address the philosopher. Well aware of the risk he ncurred in attempting to "interview' so great a celebrity, he screwed up his courage, and gradually altered his po-sition until he was cis-a-vis to the old gentleman. In the blandest tones he was able to command, he apologized for the liberty he took in addressing him, adding that he believed he and his friend had the honor of being in the company of Mr. Carlyle. "My name is Carlyle," was the brusque and immediate reply; and, after a short pause, he said: "I have been listening with great interest to your account of your recent visit to Germany." Inter alia, he proceeded to allude, in very disparaging terms, to the Emperor of the French, asserting, as his firm belief, that he was not the nephew of the great Napoleon; and adding, that "of course a man who had lived all his life on false pretences must ultimately go-where all such men inariably find themselves-to the devil! He then referred to a number of inte resting historical occurrences, justifying, as his hearers anticipated, the conduct of Prussia on almost every occa sion. Speaking of the annexation of Schleswig - Holstein, he sententious-ly said: "When a sheriff-offiexecutes a warrant, he sim-obeys his orders. In the case ply obeys his orders. In the case of Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia merely did what she was told to do by the great Powers!" One of the gentlemen left the train at Longniddry, while the other accompanied Carlyle to Haddington, and was met at the station by the late Mr. Ross, one of the ministers of the parish and there parted with the

Miss Isabella Burns Begg, the niec Aliss Isabella Burns Begg, the lac-of Robert Burns, who died a few weeks ago near Ayr, Scotland, at the age of eighty-one, was quite well known to American travellers in Ayrshire. Miss Begg had a large collection of Burns's relics, including the old bed, chair, mirror, and stove which the poet put to daily use.

the parish, and there parted with the philosopher. In the course of the af-

ternoon, accompanied by Mr. Ross, he went to the "Lampof Lothian," where

they ascertained from the sexton that, in accordance with his usual practice,

Carlyle had paid a pious visit to his wife's grave. Not many hours after-wards a telegram was received in Edin-

burg announcing Louis Napoleon's sur-

THE ALAMO.

IS THERE AN IRREPRESSIBLE CON-PLICT ABROAD YET!

Ar Incident of the Gallant Struggle for Texan Independence-Brave Polly Grayson.

Being in Texas not long since, when war-cloud seemed hovering over her Mexican frontier, I took much interest in ascertaining the popular feeling on the subject of a conflict with Mexico, and found it pretty well voiced in the words of an old but staunch veteran, who claimed to have been, when little more than a boy, one of the gallant band who fought under Sam Houston's leadership for the independence of the "Lone-Star" State.

"Texas and Mexico," he said, "can never be peaceable neighbors. Texans are white men, and 'greasers' ain't; and there's nothing in common between them but a yearning to gun for each other. It is not only that all the ideas of the two people are antagonistic, and that it is our natural interest to keep our property, and their natural desire to steal it, but there is something else that keeps the shooting-irons ready on each side—an old grudge. We have not forgotten the Alamo, and they remember San Jacinto.

Those names are not simple memories of the old among us, but traditions that thrill the blood of the young. I met a lad only a bit ago that was fresh home. from an eastern college, who has been away for five years, and was only a boy when he left home, but he is just as

POLLY GRAYSON'S GRANDSON

if he wasn't. 'Who was Polly Gray-son?' Well, I'll tell you about her, and that story will give you some idea why we remember the Alamo." Jedediah Parmlee came out here with

Stephen F. Austin's colony of American settlers in 1821 from some place in Connecticut—Hartford, I think—and took up land on the Brazos. His family consisted of a wife and two children-a girl four or five years old that they called Pauline, and a boy, a year older, with the queer name of Melchisedek.

A few years after Mrs. Parmlee was killed and scalped by the Indians, who were put up by the sneaking, treacherous Mexicans to attack the settlers But Parmlee stuck to his place, and though he, like all the rest, had a mighty hard tussle to get along for a few years, he managed to raise his children, and I tell you they were worth raising. Mel, as we called the boy raising. for short, was as fine a young chap as you ever saw, and Polly one of the prettiest girls that even Texas could produce, by the time we were driven to declare our independence of Mexico in 1836. Only a month or two before that great event in our history Polly married a young man named Fred. Grayson, a farmer, who lived near Parmlee's place. I call her Pelly, although her name was Pauline you understand, because we were neighbors and friends, and there was a good deal more familiarity than style mong us in those days-a habit that sort of sticks to me vet.

SANTA ANNA.

the Mexican President, as soon as he learned that we would not quietly sub-mit to be robbed and kicked out of the country that we had made valuable by fifteen years of toil and hardships, which was what he intended to do fro the time he got into power, came at us with a great big army, fully purposing to wipe us off the surface of the earth. It was a dusky prospect for Texas. Pretty much every man and boy we had that was able to carry a gun turned out for the common defence, but with all we could muster Santa Anna had four times as many, and if his forces had been men instead of 'greasers" I don't suppose any of us

would have been left alive. Chance split up Polly's men folks so that her father was with the heroic Lieu-tenant-Colonel Travis; her husband was serving in the "Mustangs," under Cap tian Duval, who was in Colonel Far nin's ill-fated command, while her brother Mel, who happened to be away from home when the trouble began, in some way got among Colonel Ward's Georgia volunteers, and, concluding that that was as good a place to shoot from

as any other, stayed with them. Colonel Travis, with his one hundred and fifty men, was besieged in the little fort at Bejas by five thousand Mexicans, and fought them from the 23d of February to the 6th of March, Then Texans' ammunition was exhausted and the Mexicans

TOOK THE FORT BY AN ASSAULT.

The greasers had lost a thousand of their number in the siege and the final assault, and when they got in they only found one man of the gallant defenders alive, and he was wounded. The man was Jedediah Parmlee, and the greasers deliberately put a musket to his gray head, as he lay helpless on the ground

and blew his brains out.

Colonel Ward's Georgia bettalion,
100 strong, with Mel Parmlee in the
ranks, were shut up in the Mission
Refugio by 1,000 Mexicans, and had
one whole day of desperate and continnous fighting, in which they killed 100 Mexicans without one of their num-ber having been killed, and only three were so badly wounded that they could not be taken along when the little garrison abandoned the place and made good their escape under cover of the night. Those three, by the way, were left on the Mission floor, in the confident expectation that they would receive from their captors the consideration accorded among civilized people to wounded prisoners of war. The fact was that as soon as the greasers rushed in the next morning they blew out the brains of the three wounded men, one of whom was dying at the time they entered.

THE GEORGIA BATTALION were captured by an overwhelming Mexican force on the road between Vic toria and Demill's Point, and were marched in as prisoners to La Bahia, of the commandancy of the Alamo, where the survivors of Colonel Fannin's 400 men, who had been captured a few days before, were already held.

Colenel Fannin had been attacked on the march by a force of 1,500 Mexicans, well supplied with artillery and cavalry, and after a gallant defence, at great disadvantages, in the open prairie, when their ammunition was exhausted, sur-rendered to General Urea, the commandant of that wing of the Mexican army. According to the terms of the capitulation the treatment of the prisoners of war, according to the usage of civilized nations, was specifically

pledged to the Texans.

They were kept under close guard and brutally treated for eight days, until Santa Anna's orders were received as to what disposition should be made of them, without regard to the stipula-tions of their surrender. Then, on the morning of Palm-Sunday, March 27. 1836, they were marched out of their prison by companies, each company of the unarmed prisoners surrounded by a hollow square of Mexicans armed with carbines and broad-swords, and there they were

BUTHLESSLY EUTCHERED. Four hundred and twelve Americans Four hundred and twelve Americans were shot down and hewed to pieces in that Palm-Sunday massacre. Only six escaped—one, Captain B. H. Holland—by a desperate flight, and the others by feigning death and lying motionless among the corpses of their comrades until night, when they managed to crawl away, even while the Mexicans were dragging the bodies together and piling them on brush and log-heaps to

burn them-the only sepulture they re-

ceived.
You may imagine the horror, grief, and despair that was felt throughout Texas when the news of that atrocious massacre spread over the country. Poor Polly Grayson was one of those who suffered most keenly from the sorrows of bereavement, for all that was known of her husband, father, and brother was that they had been among the butchered ones, and no hope could the butchered ones, and no hope could be cherished that any one of them had

escaped. It did seem at first that we had been utterly crushed, and were entirely at Santa Anna's mercy, the quality of which we now well knew, and he was so confident that he proclaimed his purpose of

A GENERAL MASSACRE of us as fast as his army could get hold of us. But we were a plucky peo-ple—a character of which, I think, we have more than a streak left yet—and readily concluded that if we had to die we might as well die fighting. That determination was all right, but all we could muster to do the fighting

was 783 to meet Santa Anna's 1,598 "greasers," flushed with triumph and ten times better armed than we were To get those 783 we had almost robbed the cradle and the grave. I was not quite fifteen years old, and I know there were not a few boys younger than And there were women ranks-desperate, heart-broken we men, who only wanted to kill Mex icans in revenge for the massacre of their loved ones, and then to die. Among those women were Polly Gray son. She was a good-sized, muscula woman, with gray eyes as keen as th of a hawk, and few men could handle s eager for a hack at the 'greasers' as I rifle better than she. When she came am myself, and he wouldn't be out to fight she cut her hair short, put on a suit of her brother's clothes, and would have appeared a good-looking boy, not to be remarked where boys were so plenty, but for the cold, set

It was at San Jacinto, under brave Sam. Houston's command, that we met the Mexicans. If Santa Anna had thought it worth while to concentrate the other wings of his army upon us, things might have turned out different ly, but he fancied that he was strong enough with his own column.

When we got the order to "charge a yell rose up all along our line of

"EEMEMBER THE ALAMO!" and we went at them like famished tigers at sheep. We could not wait to do much shooting, but rushed upon them with our guns, clubbed and beat in their skulls. There seemed to be more satisfaction in killing them that way, and I doubt if one of us thought of being hurt even while he was at the job. Polly Grayson was near me at first, when we got into the thick of the fight, and she fought like a demon shricking every time she mashed a greaser our battle-cry of "Remember the Alamo!"

A panic seemed to possess the Mexicans, and surely Providence, punish their abominable treachery and fiend ish cruelty, protected us in meting on His judgment upon them. The fight lasted only eighteen minutes, but in that incredibly short space of time we managed to kill 630 of our hated ene mies, wounded badly 208 more, and took 700 prisoners-Santa Anna himself among them-while we had only two killed and twenty-three wounded.

There is not another such achievement in the history of the world. was only a boy then, as I said, and could not understand why Santa Anna was not hanged as soon as he was caught for ordering the massacre of the Alamo And what is more, although I am an old man now, I still think that is what should have been done with him.

Folly Grayson fought her way into the very heart of the Mexican ranks, as a mower cuts a swath into a meadow of standing grass, and there were so many of them around her that they turned on her like cornered rats, and began striking at her with guns and swords from all sides, until, in the thick

A CLIP ON THE HEAD

that knocked her down senseless. Before they could finish her, however, the tide of our boys swept over them and rescued her. When she came to her rescued her. When she came to be senses the fight was over and she wa in her husband's arms. He had joined us the night before, and had no idea that he would find her there until he recognized her on the field, just as she was knocked down. At first, when her eyes opened on his face, she seemed flighty, and fancied that both he and she were dead; but directly, when the dizziness caused by the blow had left her and she realized that she was alive, she wanted to pitch in again and kill some more greasers. I never in all my born days saw a woman so full of fight

as Polly Grayson was that day.

Ey and by they got her quieted down
a bit, and then her tender woman's

heart serged up, and she

PELL TO CRYING, SOBBING for joy that Fred had turned up alive and for grief that Mel hadn't, when, all of a sudden, who should turn up, with a cry of "Why, it's our Polly!" but Mel himself.

The hair-breadth escapes of those two nen were nothing short of just miracu-ous. Fred had been shot down in the Alamo massacre, but the bullet that struck him had glanced on his skull and travelled half way round his head before it went out.

When he came to himself he lay still

among the corpses until dark, and then crawled off, making his way to the hut of a friendly Indian, who nursed him until his head was all right, and also a and wound in his right leg that he had not noticed at first. As soon as he was able to travel he made haste to get into the San Jacinto fight, with the result I have told. As for Mel, he had run away at the time Colonel band were captured by the Mexi-cans, and, boy like, had stayed out nearly a month, haunting the nearly a month, haunting the river-timber close by where the Mexicans were, and popping off greasers when-ever he could get the chance, just as a sort of private pleasure party of his own. Again and again they came near catching him, but his fool luck carried him through safely until he acci-dentally heard that the Texan forces were concentrating at San Jacinto for a decisive battle, when he hastened to

take a hand in.
Polly Grayson lived to see her grand children, one of whom is the boy I mentioned, and I'm sure neither she nor any of her blood ever learned to like Mexicans any better than she did when she was smashing their skulls like egg-shells at San Jacinto with her clubbed rifle.

The Buty on Iron Ore. Washington, February 4 .- The Sec retary of the Treasury has revoked the instructions to customs offices, which established as the standard of iron ore for assessment of duty ore dried at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and directs collectors to assess the duty, as heretofore, upon imported iron ores— that is to say, upon actual weights as reported by the United States Weigher at the time of importation. The Secretary says it will be understood, howretary says it will be understood, how-ever, that in case of importations of iron ore which importers may claim to have increased in weight on the voyage by the addition of sea water, Article 600 of the regulations applies, and that importers, upon making due applica-tion thereunder, may obtain such al-lowance as may be estimated and re-ported by the United States appraiser.

In Brazil Sarah Bernhardt received \$80,976, an average of \$3,239 at each performance, and in the Argentine Republic she received \$183,459, an average at each of \$5,918.

A SCHOOL BOYCOTTEB, Four Hundred Pupils Loya

"'Boycott the George B. McClellan public school until Mrs. Spallen, our teacher, is restored' is our cry," said red-cheeked little Tommy Murdock last evening at the corner of Richmondand

"And don't you fergit it," echoed Willie McFarland, in a childish voice, worn out by crying "rats" at the po-lice in Port Richmond all the live-long

Four hundred and twenty-five of the five hundred pupils in the McClellan public school, Frankford road above Clearfield street, are "out," and have been since Monday noon. It was about 11 o'clock Monday morning Davy Tate, of the eleventh grade when spelled separate with an "A," amid the applause of the class. The little stu-dents then filed into the big room of the school.

A PAREWELL SPEECH.

"Children," said Mrs. Spallen, a widow of pleasant appearance. Every-thing was still. The boys knew something was coming, and the girls pre-pared for the worst. "For fifteen years I've been in the dear old school. I love you all dearly, but now I must go. My best wishes go with you all."

There was not a dry eye in the room.

The boys looked off toward the ship-yard and tried to be brave; but there
was little Gottin Reasonal. Wh was little Gertie Benson and all the rest of the girls around the teacher, crying

as if their little hearts would break

Willie Simmons, the leader of the "gang," who can jump the iron posts on Diamond street with one hand, hid his head on the desk. The rest did the On Saturday, at a special meeting of the Committee on Examination of the Board of Directors, Dr. Ziegler, J. McGowen, Albert Webster, and Isaac Schlecter voted to dismiss Mrs. Spallen against the protests of J.
Daly and Charles Young,

It was other two members present. It was all about an examination which two of the members of the committee, Messrs. McGowen and Schlecter, wanted held in the old building. The teacher said she had made plans to hold it in the new building, and would unless a majority of the committee voted against it. Harry Creely agreed with the two. No notice was given to the teacher, and her friends say she was dismissed on the charge of insubordination. Miss Helen Jones, a teacher in the Henry W. Halliwell School of the same section, was elected to fill her place, and took charge Monday afternoon.

INSUBORDINATION BEGINS.

But few of the boys, however, attended school in the afternoon. A mass-meeting was held in Willie mons's back yard. The attendance was small. Eleven boys stood round the wooden block on which the host took his stand. Willie said: "Boys, let's stick 'er out. My father is with us, and what do we care if Dr. Ziegler is against us. Don't forget your Sundayschool training. I'll never go back to the school until they give us Mrs. Spal-len. [Applause.] As Mad Anthony Wayne said when he climbed Bunker-Hill Monument, 'Show your sand,

All day vesterday tumult reigned in Port Richmond. The boys were on hand at the school at 9 o'clock, and Director Daley dropped round to hear a geography class about 11 o'clock, and he says there were not more than a dozen boys and girls round the huge building. Seventy-five would be liberal estimate for the day's attendance out of the usual five hundred. Ten policemen stood round Every few minutes a bit of minute they grabbed a humanity and hurried the wiggling, velling, kicking mass into one of th big doors. After a few minutes the same boy could be seen coming out the opposite side of the building, having opposite side of the building, having crawled through dusty holes and unknown passages in the cellar. A roar breeze and the tide was in our favor, of applause greeted the escaping and we came along up by Meiggs's strikers, and the girls who huddled wharf in good style. All this time, round one corner of the lot smiled and

clapped their little hands in admiration.

All during the desired and the classical during the desired and the classical during the desired and the desired an All during the day processions marched the streets, crying, "Hurrah for Mrs. Spallen, the Best Teacher in the World!" beating drums and waving improvised flags. "No Teacher, No School!" "Down with Dr. Ziegler!" "Live and Learn!" were some of th sentiments that broke upon the air during the day. At 1 o'clock a grand mass convention was held on the pond near the American ship-yard. Fully three hundred boys attended. It was decided to submit resolutions to the Board of Directors, asking them to restore their teacher.

A BIG MASS-MEETING.

Just as it was voted to conclude it "yours respectfully" the ice gave way and the delegates had a narrow escape from drowning. A number were deluged to the neck. Tommie Murdock. one of the arch strikers, who said the police were after him all day, went in vay up to his mouth.

James J. Devine, an ex-school di-

ector, drew up the boys' petition. It reads:

"We, the undersigned, pupils of the George B. McClellan public school of this section, do hereby petition you to grant us a chance to vindicate the harges that have been made against the principal of our school, Anna M. Spallen, which we consider to be a

alsehood, and would like to place the charges where they rightfully belong. As we consider by your actions, you have deprived us not only of a princi-pal, but of a thorough education which we receive from one whose teachings we shall never forget." It is signed by fifty of the leader among the boys, and it is said the school is unanimous in her favor. Another petition has been drawn up to be signed by the parents and friends. A meeting of the Board of Directors will be held to-night in the Henry W. Hal-iwell School, Frankford road, above Hearfield. Local politics are said to e at the bottom of the affair. The di-

ortance.

The other members of the Board are Dr. Boyer, Dr. Castle, Dr. Evans, and Dr. Moffett. W. Marchman is controller and S. N. Olwine president of the Board. The feeling runs very high among scholars and parents. It is said one of the unpopular members of the Board with the boys went home Monday under police protection.

ectors who favor Miss Spallen say the

ostal-cards calling them to the meet-ng at which she was dismissed were

vorded to mislead them as to its im-

The Elder Booth.

Old play-goers here have many anec-dotes about the elder Booth. One night, as he was playing Sir Edward Mortimer in the "Iron Chest," it beame very evident that his potations had been too deep; and, to the man-ager's horror, he at length got off the stage into the orchestra, and commenced singing an old English song entitled "The Poacher," the burden of which is:

to the great merriment of the audience, who bore with him very good humor-edly. Having succeeded in getting

him behind the scenes, he was vocifer-ously called for, and after a parley, it was agreed he should finish the play. On he went again, and again the manager's fears were intense. "Finish quick as you can," said he in a wh quick as you can," said he in a whisper from the wing. On which Sir Edward walked forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been directed by the manager to finish this as quickly as possible, and so I'll finish it at once—here, Wilford, catch me!" saying which, and throwing himself

roars of laughter. At Pitisburgh one evening Mr. Forrest was about to play Montesuma, when Mr. Booth came it and said he was going to support him by playing the Indian chief, Antenino for which part he dressed and made up, when, instead of going on the stage, he walked out and took the cars attired

In New York he was arrested, much in the same condition, and, as he refused to give any other name than that of Lucius Junius Brutus, he was sent by Justice Wymans to the old Bridewell. In the course of the day Simpson and Price, the managers, came in search, stating that he had suddenly left the theatre the night before. The Justice, on discovering who he was, sent an order for his release from durance vile, and in the afternoon a cartload of provisions of various sorts, with fruit, wine, &c., were delivered, together with a letter from Junius, to the gentlemen inmates with whom he had the honor of spending a few hours in the morning. In New York he was arre

the morning.

He once played Orencko with bare feet, insisting that it was absurd to put shoes on a slave. But the most extraordinary freak, perhaps, was his per-formance of Richard III. on horseback, which he did at the circus, in the York road, Philadelphia. Many similar stories are told of him, many of which are doubtless exaggerated, but the above freaks are undoubtedly correctly stated.

A Pilot's Experience with Bynamite.

(San Francisco Call.)
"I had a little experience with giant powder myself once," said Captain Mayo, the well-known pilot, the other day during a conversation in which the Parallel affair had been the main topic. "How was that, Captain?" asked "How was that, Captain?"

one of the party.
"Well, it was some years ago—just how many I don't call to mind now an American man-of-war, when on her way into port from the China station, overhauled a brig just off the Faral-lones, which was evidently on fire, as smoke was issuing from the hatches. The officer in command hailed the smoking craft, and learned from the skipper that he had a load of lime, and it was burning. A hawser was attached to the brig, and she was towed into Drake's bay, where the navy people rigged hose, opened the hatches, and injected some chemical preparation that soon caused the smoke to subside and apparently put a stop to the burning for the time. The brig was then taken in towards a stop to the property to the poth. and brought down nearly to the north head, where, as the skipper said he could find his way in under sail, the naval chap let her go. Just at this time I came alongside the brig, and, as they said they wanted a pilot, I go on board. I thought I smelled some-thing funny as I walked aft, and when

... Well, sir,' he replied, as cool as cucumber, 'we've got lime and cement and giant-powder and fuses. The d- you have !' said I. 'Is that all ?' "Then he told me about the tim

I got alongside the man at the wheel I

asked him what they had aboard.

they had had with the burning lime how the gunboat had towed them into Drake's bay and put out the fire, and all that. You can imagine that what the sailor said did not make me feel, any too comfortable, and on looking for ward just then I saw a little wreath of smoke curling up through the after latch, although it was battened down. The captain came strolling along aft at that moment. He was a German, thick-set, red-faced, rather stupidlooking chap. I said to him: 'What kind of a cargo have you got, anyway, captain? Do you want to send us all to kingdom-come?' 'Oh, don't you be afraid, I we'll get in all right. Come low and take a little whiskey.' latter invitation I respectfully declined. If there ever was a time when a man however, the smoke was getting thicker and thicker. I was not at all reassured when I learned that the powder and the fuses were all stowed just under the main hatch where the fire seemed to be the hottest. The fire-boat came alongside when we were off Washington-street wharf and took us in tow. I told Captain Gardiner, says I, 'Sam, we're got a small hell aboard, and you'd better work lively, or you'll be sent skyward.' Well, gentlemen, they did work lively, you bet; they yanked the brig down to Mission Rock, and in a jiffy had a gang of men at work pour-ing water into her hold, and in less than an hour had the fire all out. found, through an examination after-ward, that several bunches of fuse had started to burn and had been quenched by the water, many being half con-sumed. That was my first experience with giant-powder, and I don't want any more of it."

PITTSBURGH, Pa., February 4.—A West Middlesex (Pa.) special says: Two hundred men employed in Ella and Fannie furnaces have struck for an advance of 25 cents per day. Nearly every furnace in the Shenange Valley is closed on account of the

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ARE PREVALENT ALL OVER THE

strike, and about 1,000 men are idle.

WORLD. SILVERWARE, GUNS, PISTOLS, and all arti I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most aconizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. I had vertigo and deafness, with partial loss of sight, severe pains in my head and eyes, etc., which nearly rân me crazy. I lost all hope in that country and salled for America, and was treated at Roosevelt, in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection wiin the hospitals.

I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial as a last resort. I had given up all hope of being cured, as I had gone through the hands of the best medical men in Nottingham and New York. I look six bottles of S. S. S. and I can say, with great joy, that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life.

New York City, June 12, 1885.

BLOOD

is the life, and he is wise who remembers it. But in March of last year (1884) I contracted bleed-poison, and, being in Savannah, Ga, at the time, I went into the hespital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did not get well under the treatment there, nor was I cared by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific, and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through beils on the skin. Jansky City, N. J., August 7, 1885.

Two years ago I contracted blood-poison. After taking prescriptions from the best physicians here and at Dalias, I concluded to visit Hot Springs, and on reaching Texarkana a doctor recommended me to try Swift's Specific, assuring me that it would benefit me more than Hot Springs. Although the

POISON

had produced great holes in my back and chest and had removed all the hair off my hoad, ye I began to impreve in a week's time, and the sores began to heal, and were entirely gone in side of eight weeks. WILL JONES, Porter Union Passe Cisco, Tex., July 13, 1886. Treatise on Blood- and Skin-Diseases mailed ree. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, prawer 3, Adanta, Ga.; 157 west Twenty-third street, New York.

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In accordance with circular of January 31, 1887, holders of Richmond and Danville stock are hereby notified that upon delivery of their certificates endorsed in blank to the Central Trust Company of New York, on or before MARCH 1, 1887, they will receive therefor temporary certificates, exchangeable at the Union Trust Company for common stock of the Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company, four shares for one, as soon as the same is ready for delivery.

Regular certificates for the new stock are expected to be ready for delivery on or about february this proxime.

A. J. RAUH, fe 2-coddMni General Agent.

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THE BILL ALLOWING PENSIONS
TO THOSE WHO ACTUALLY SERVED in the ARMY or NAVY of the United States is the war with Moxice for sixty days or more having passed both houses of Congress, as the same having been approved by the Precent, I will be pleased to aid those ENTITLE TO PANSIONS under this bill to have the names placed on the pension-roll.

Applicants must be sixty-two years of the cutilities now. Widows of these who as for sixty days or more are entitled. Address of the state of

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